PROLOGUE

For the 4th of *November*, 1711.

BEING THE

Anniversary for the *Birth-Day*

Of the Late

K. WILLIAM,

OF

Glorious and Immortal Memory.

Written by Dr. *Garth.*

Printed in the Year, 1711.

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A Prologue, &c.

TO Day a Mighty HERO, comes to warm
Your curdl'd Blood, and bids you *Britains* Arm
To *Valour* much He ows, to *Vertue* more,
He Fights to Save, and Conquers to Restore.
He strains no Text, nor makes *Dragoons* perswade
He likes *RELIGION*, but He hates that Trade.
BORN for Mankind, *they* by his Labours *live*,
Their Property, is his Prerogative.
His Sword Destroys *less* than his Mercy Saves,
And *none*, except his Passions, are his Slaves.

" With how much haste his Mercy meets his Foes!
" And how unbounded his Forgiveness flows!
" What Trophies o'er our Captiv'd Hearts, he rears
" By *MODERATION*, greater than by Wars!
" His Generous Soul for FREEDOM was Design'd,
" To pull down Tyrants, and Unslave Mankind.

Note, The Lines mark'd thus (") don't belong to the Play, but were added on this Occasion.

FINIS.

" He broke the Chains of *Europe* [illegible] when we
" Were Doom'd *for Slaves*, He came and *set us free*;
" Shew'd us how Grace made Majesty Rever'd,
" And that the Prince BELOV'D, was truly Fear'd.

Such *Britains* was the Prince you did poſſeſs,
In Councils Great, and in the Camp no leſs:
BRAVE, but not Crud; WISE, without Deceit,
Born for an Age, Curſt with a Bajazet,
But you diſdaining to be too ſecure,
Ask'd his Protection, and yet Grudg'd his Power.
With you a Monarch's Right, admits Diſpute,
Who gives Supplies, are only Abſolute.
Britains, for ſhame your Factious Feuds decline,
You've too long Labour'd for the *Bourbon* Line.
Aſſert *loſt Rights*, an *Auſtrian* Prince *alone*
Is Born to Nod upon the Spaniſh *Throne.*
Quit your Cabals, Aſſociate, and in ſpight
Of *Whig* or *Tory*, in this Cauſe Unite;
One Vote will then ſend *Anjou* into *France*;
There let him with mock Monarchs rule the Dance:
Elſe to the *Mantuan* Soil, he may repair,
Even Exil'd gods of Old, were *Latiums* Care;
At worſt he'll find ſome Corniſh Burrough there.

FINIS.